

THE FREEMAN.

TERMS.

Payable in advance..... \$1.50
Do. with the year..... 3.00
Do. after the expiration of the year..... 2.50

A failure to notify of a desire to discontinue, is understood as wishing to continue the subscription, and the paper will be sent accordingly, but all orders to discontinue, when arrears are paid, will be faithfully attended to.

Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible for the same, and the publisher is not bound to deliver them until they are taken up.

4. If subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, and the papers sent to the former address, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it unclaimed for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

How to stop a paper.—First see that you have paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; notify the post master of your desire, and ask him to notify the publisher under his frank, [as he is authorized to do] if you wish a discontinuance.

Business Directory.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Fort Stevenson Division, No. 432—Stated meetings, every Tuesday evening at the Division Rooms in the old Northern Exchange.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.
Fort Stevenson Section, No. 192—meets every Tuesday evening in the Hall of the Sons of Temperance.

I. O. O. F.
Crown Lodge, No. 77, meets at the Odd Fellows Hall, in Merchants' building, every Saturday evening.

ROBERTS, HUBBARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Copper, Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware,
AND DEALERS IN
Stoves, Wood, Hides, Sheep-skins, Bags,
Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c. Also,
ALL SORTS OF GENUINE YANKEE NOTIONS.
Pearce's Brick Block, No. 1.
Fremont, Sandusky Co. Ohio. 32

1849.] C. B. McCULLOCH, [1849.
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE-STUFFS,
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.
FREMONT, OHIO.

RALPH P. BUCKLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor
in Chancery, will attend to professional business in Sandusky and adjoining counties.
Office—Second story of Tyler's Block.

JOHN L. GREENE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Prosecuting Attorney
for Sandusky county, Ohio, will attend to all professional business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity.
Office at the Court House.

CHESTER EDGERTON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office—At the Court House.
Fremont, Sandusky Co. O. No. 1.

B. J. BARTLETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
FREMONT, SANDUSKY CO., O.
WILL give his undivided attention to professional business in Sandusky and the adjoining counties.
Fremont, Feb. 27, '49.

PIERRE BEAUGRAND,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Fremont, and vicinity.
Office—One door south of McCulloch's Drug store.

LA Q. RAWSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
FREMONT, SANDUSKY CO., O.
May 26, 1849. 14

PORTAGE COUNTY
Mutual Fire Insurance Company.
R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.
FREMONT, SANDUSKY CO., OHIO.

BELL & SHEETS,
Physicians and Surgeons,
FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO.
Office—Second Story of Knapp's Building,
July 7, 1849. 21

Post-Office Hours.
THE regular Post-Office hours, until further notice, will be as follows:—
From 7 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.
Sundays from 8 to 9 A. M. and from 4 to 5 P. M.
W. M. STARK, P. M.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.
DRS. SHEETS & BELL,
HAVING entered into a partnership in the Drug Store, formerly owned by Dr. Sheets, in Tyler's Building, where they now offer a full assortment of
Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Oils, Paints,
and a great variety of fancy articles, such as cologne, hair oil, indelible ink, pen-knives, combs, brushes of all kinds, with a full assortment of
PATENT MEDICINES,
for every disease that afflicts mankind; which we offer at very low prices for Cash, Bees-wax, Ginseng, Sassafras Bark from the root and Paper Rags, Low Prices, and
Ready Pay in something.
is our motto forever. SHEETS & BELL.
Fremont, July 14, 1849. 21

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.
P. MAXWELL,
RESPECTFULLY announces that he continues his business in the second story of Knapp's building, opposite Burger's old stand, where he will be happy to wait on his old customers and all who need any thing in his line. If you want your garments made up right, and after the latest Fashion, call on MAXWELL.
N. B. Particular attention paid to Cutting and warranted to fit if properly made up. April 28, '49.

New and Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Shop.
THE undersigned, has opened a BOOT and SHOE shop
Main street, two doors north of the Post Office, in Lower Sandusky, and is now manufacturing to order every thing in the above line with neatness and despatch. His materials are of the best quality, his workmen are experienced, and all work is warranted.
He intends to supply this market with beautiful and fashionable
GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS.
Men's, Boys', and Children's Boots Shoes and Brogans, Cowhides and Kipskins, as well as pumps, slippers, &c. Also, Ladies' and Misses' slippers, Balmers, Gaiters, &c. all done up in the most fashionable style, and delivered with promptness and despatch. The subscriber requests a liberal share of the public patronage, and is determined to merit the same.
GEORGE WIGSTEIN.
June 23, '49. 18-6m

THE FREEMAN.

VOLUME I. FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, NOVEMBER 17, 1849. NUMBER 36.

Poetry.

From the New York Tribune.

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY THE REFUSAL OF THE SULTAN TO GIVE UP THE HUNGARIAN EXILES.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

God bless thee, noble Sultan! and forever
Good angels keep thee, if it be a fact,
That thou art bravely making an endeavor
To save Kosuth—God bless thee for the act!
A sufferer aid, and done the Christian's part,
When Russia's ruthless tyrants have perished.

The Russians deem thy Moslem creed infernal,
And while he loudly boasts his Christian faith,
Consigns the Mussulman to flames eternal.
To waiting, after darkness, and the death
That dying, never dies, through all the stages
Of untold torments and unnumbered ages.

He, like the Pharisee, looks up to Heaven
And boasts his righteousness of life and heart;
Thou, like the good Samaritan, hast given
Haste him to take away the life God gave him:
May God reward thee, when we all assemble
Where vessels shall rejoice and tyrants tremble.

The followers of Christ should love each other—
It is the Savior's positive command;
Yet Christian Russia hurls a stricken brother,
Outward and exiled from his native land.
Haste him to take away the life God gave him:
While thou, an infidel, hast sought to save him.

She is not satisfied to see him languish,
From kindred, wife and children far apart;
To know that sickness, poverty and anguish
Wrings drops by drops the life-blood from his heart.
She craves his life and hunts him like a tiger
Who hunt a wounded lion by the Niger.

Let Russia hear the Christian name no longer,
Write Tyrant, Heathen, Monster on her sky;
Her iron throne is strong, but God is stronger,
And when a few more years are fitted by,
His arm will rend her lengthened cords asunder.
And make her power a by-word and a wonder.

The world has looked on Hungary, admiring
The noble daring of the gallant band
That struggled on, with hope and zeal untiring,
To win the freedom of their Father-land.
And bitter words and burning tears dropped
In many a land, when hope from them departed.

What cause had Russia for her interference?
What wrong to right, what grievance to redress?
None: yet she sent her armed, enslaved adherents
To help the weaker Austrian to oppress
The feeble ray of liberty that lighted
The land now ravaged, ruined, crushed, benighted.

And though he sees her banners proudly waving,
O'er hill and plain, where freedom's champions died,
She turns unsatisfied, with conquest craving
A further sacrifice to power and pride—
Turns to the scaffold, to the horrid slaughter,
And Nero-like, pours human blood like water.

This blood will be a witness, swift and fearful,
Against the tyrant at the judgment throne;
The desolation wrought in homes once cheerful,
Each bitter pang, hot tear and dying groan,
His rage wrung from victims unoffending,
Will sting his soul with anguish never-ending.

Be thou undaunted by his haughty bearing,
Unmoved in purpose by his flaming wrath;
He has the lion's cruelty and daring,
But Heaven will turn his foot-steps from thy path.
Thy duty is to save the Christian stranger—
Do this, brave infidel! and fear no danger.

Miscellaneous.

The Law of Kindness Illustrated.

The Philadelphia Inquirer relates the following touching incident of recent occurrence:

Only a few days since, an aged citizen of Philadelphia was waited upon by a stranger who asked a few moment's conversation with him in private. The opportunity was afforded with great cheerfulness. The Western merchant—for such in fact, he was—was ushered into the parlor of the Philadelphian, when something like the following conversation took place.

"You seem to have forgotten me Mr. H?"

"I have an indistinct recollection of having seen you before, and the tone of your voice is not unfamiliar; but beyond this my memory fails."

"My name is Charles B. and twenty years ago I was an inmate of Philadelphia Prison, of which you were a frequenter, a benevolent and kind hearted visitor."

"Remember, remember said the other, brightening, smiling and grasping the hand of the stranger; 'you look so well, have improved so greatly, that I hope, may I feel satisfied that all has gone right with you.'"

"A tear trembled in the eye of the other at so cordial and kindly a recognition; his voice failed for a moment—but then rallying again, he proceeded to tell his story. At the age of fifteen he was a neglected orphan, and with fine natural talents, a cheerful disposition and a good heart, he was thrown into the society of the vile and dissolute, in one of the most wretched sections of Philadelphia county. There in connection with several other lads, equally deserted or misled he committed, was arrested for, and convicted of, petty theft."

"While in prison he was visited again and again by the Philadelphia Philanthropist, who succeeded not only in eradicating the vicious views he had imbibed, but in showing him the folly of vice and the certainty of its punishment, and inspiring him with a determination to act correctly the moment he should be released. The visitor satisfied with his sincerity and gradually took a deep interest in his case. At the expiration of his sentence, he provided him with means and having stated all the facts in all confidential manner to a friend in the West, obtained him a situation in a flourishing city of that section of the Union. The youth was overwhelmed with gratitude. He had found a friend for the first time in his brief career. His course from that moment was onward. He speedily won the confidence of his employer, on whose death, ten years thereafter, he succeeded to a large share in his business."

"I am now," he said, "an equal partner in the reputable and prosperous house of—& Co., and I have visited Philadelphia, not only on business, but with the object of seeking out and returning my heart warm acknowledgments to my early, my ever cherished, my often remembered benefactor."

The old merchant wept with joy at such a reform, and acknowledged that this single incident had repaid him for the hours and days and weeks he had devoted, always prayerfully, to the blessed course of kindness and prison reform.

"Mr. Swipes, I've just kicked your William out of doors." "Well, Mr. Swingle, it's the first Bill you've footed this many a day."

THAT TRIFLER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I heard yesterday that you were engaged to Evelyn Valliere, and to day I hear that you are to Sophy Greene. Which report is true?" said Edgar Thomas to his friend Harry Colbert, and taking his cigar from his mouth, he suffered the smoke to curl gracefully to the ceiling, gazing meantime on the face of his friend.

"The fact is," said Harry, throwing himself back in his chair, "I'm engaged to neither, and then he paused."

"But you are very attentive to Sophy, and those who go to Miss Valliere's set, say you are devoted to her," and again the speaker's eye was fixed enquiringly upon Harry, who looked down, momentarily disconcerted.

"Well, the truth is," said he looking up, "I'm a little in love with both the ladies, so I can't make up my mind to marry either, lest I should lose the other. I wish the good qualities of both were combined in one, then I should soon decide. Miss Valliere is amiable, pretty and rich, and so far is just what I want; but she has no wit, and would never make a wife to make one proud of abroad. Sophy is poor, and without Evelyn's fine figure, tho', perhaps, with a prettier, certainly with a more intellectual looking face. Then she has a fine wit, and is decidedly a girl of talent. With a little tact, she might be made a perfectly fascinating creature."

"I don't say which has the most womanly heart—I suppose either could love deeply enough," here the speaker adjusted his collar. "When I am with Sophy I am in love with her, but when I see Evelyn, and think of her fortune, I cannot resist paying her attention. I had gone pretty far with Evelyn, before I met Miss Greene; but since then I have been more careful, and I confess am often puzzled how to decide. If Evelyn had Sophy's intellect, or Sophy had Evelyn's fortune, I should propose to-morrow, but the fates have ordered it otherwise, and so—poor dog that I am—I must wait events, and trust to my destiny."

"Did you ever commit yourself to Miss Valliere?" asked his companion, after a pause.

"Not exactly," answered Harry, slowly and doubtfully; "to be sure I did at one time pay her considerable attention, but then you know a pretty girl is used to such things, and if she has sense, never thinks you serious until you make love in words. Now I never did that exactly, and in that I am lucky, though I do confess to sundry sentimental walks, and sly attentions when the old folks are away—you understand just enough to keep her thinking of me sufficiently to insure success if I should at any time make up my mind to marry her—I begin to think lately I ought to back out, and I am not half so attentive as I once was; for the fact is, since I met Sophy Greene, I have felt that Miss Valliere is not the girl to suit me as a wife. I wish something not to be ashamed of in society of people of talent. I wish the gods had given Sophy a fortune; for—confound it—I am too poor, like most young physicians, to wed a portionless wife."

Harry Colbert had frankly explained the difficulty in which he had involved himself, but he had not told the whole truth; for his attention to both girls had been assiduous and devoted, and of such a character as to leave no doubt on the minds of the serious natures of his intentions. Moving in different sets in opposite sections of a large city, each was ignorant of his attentions to her rival; and thus for several months had carried on his deception undetected. He had already wooed and won Evelyn Valliere, though he had never told his love in words, before he met Sophy Greene; from that hour his heart had been divided, and the conflict in his breast had raged with increasing force daily. Interests, and perhaps some little remaining conscience, urged him to marry Evelyn, while, if he had consulted only his feelings, he would have wedded Sophy.

"But," said his friend after an embarrassing silence of some minutes, "do you not think sometimes that you may have won the affections of both?"

"I never proposed to either," replied Harry staring at his companion.

"But does a lady never place her affections on a gentleman until he proposes in form? Is there not such a thing as winning a lady by looks and tone, which, though not explicit in one sense, are susceptible of but a single definition?" asked his friend, searchingly.

"Oh! perhaps some girls do lose their hearts thus, but 'tis only when they know nothing of the world. Gentlemen will be attentive to the ladies, and so—and so—"

"And so sometimes a heart will be broken by the criminal coquetry of our sex," indignantly interrupted the other. There was a pause, during which Harry regarded his friend with surprise. At length he spoke:

"Why, really you look at the subject too warmly; but calm your fears; neither Sophy nor Miss Valliere will break their hearts for me, thank heaven! If either is at all smitten, and he complacently puffed the smoke slowly from his mouth: 'she would never be the worse of it, even if I shouldn't marry her—a mere preference, nothing more, believe me!'"

"Well, I hope so," said his companion, and here the conversation ceased.

Days and weeks passed, and still Harry was torn by conflicting emotions, one while inclining towards the heiress, and another while yielding to the fascinations of her rival. Often during this period, his conscience reproached him for his conduct to Evelyn, and he resolved to forget Sophy; but again he yielded to the temptation, and neglected his first love. He could no longer conceal from himself that Miss Valliere loved him, since her very look and action when in his presence, and her despondency at his absence and neglect, revealed it. His heart smote him, when he thought this was his work; but he asked himself, ought he to wed one whom he did not love? Should he sacrifice happiness with Sophy, who had an intellect to sympathize with him, for indifference with Evelyn? He did not remember, when he thus reasoned with himself, that he had at one time thought Miss Valliere better fitted for a wife, by her gentleness and unreserved devotion, than one of a more brilliant, but less amiable character. He forgot too, that her affection had been yielded slowly, and only in return for the most ceaseless attention. But, like too many of his sex, he was tired of an object when won.

But the struggle at length was terminated, and, with the fickleness which characterized his conduct, terminated in the favor of the newer object of his love. He resolved to cease visiting Evelyn, and devote himself to Miss Greene. His visits accordingly increased in frequency at her house; and he soon became satisfied that her attentions were more marked than those she bestowed on other young men. Thus encouraged he did not hesitate to declare himself one evening when a favorable opportunity presented.

Sophy listened to his ardent protestation with a burning cheek and beating bosom, but when he ceased, she slowly raised her eyes from the ground and said:

"Before I can consent to become your wife, will you answer me one question? and fixing her eyes searchingly on his face, though her cheek crimsoned deeper as she did it, 'do you know Evelyn Valliere?'"

Had a spectre started up before him, Harry would not have looked more aghast. What could she mean? Had she heard of his attention and desertion of Miss Valliere? Did she resent the latter? or had she merely learned the former, and wished to solve her doubts before answering? This last idea was the most flattering, and therefore the one adopted. He smiled at her replied:

"Yes, I once knew a lady of that name."

"Once knew her," said Sophy, with marked emphasis, "and you know her no longer?"

"I can scarcely say I do," said Harry, his embarrassment returning at the decided manner of his questioner, but she has long forgotten me, and I have ceased visiting her."

"There needed only this baseness," said Sophy rising, with flashing eyes, the whole expression of her face changing to indignant scorn, "to make you as contemptible in my eyes, as you were before criminal. Know, false and fickle man, that I have heard the history of your acquaintance with Miss Valliere; how by slow and winning attention, you possessed yourself of her heart; how, when you met another, who for the time pleased your selfish nature better, you became attentive to this new acquaintance;—how, notwithstanding you knew the love Miss Valliere bore for you, you at length left her to pine in despondency, until her life is now despaired of by her friends. And yet, you come here and dare to insult me with an offer of your love," she spoke this word with bitter scorn; "you! the almost murderer of the woman, and the wronger thereby of the whole sex."

"Ay! more; you hesitated long, because, forsooth, I was too poor, as if love, that holy sentiment, of which such wretches as you can know nothing, was to be profaned by base thoughts of lucre. I tell you Harry Colbert, I have known all this for weeks, and have waited patiently for this hour, stooping to a deception which I despise, that I might redeem my sex at last. You seek a woman's love! why you know no more of that pure sentiment than the meanest flound that crouches at the master's whip. A true woman scorns the hand of a man like you, who for the gratification of a petty vanity, or of his own selfishness, would desert a heart that he has won. The time was when I might have loved you, but it was when I thought your heart noble. I now see its baseness, duplicity and littleness, and had as you are I cannot hate you from very scorn. Go! and go knowing this, a woman can avenge her sex even at the cost of so pretty a lover as yourself."

The withering contempt with which these words were spoken was the last drop in the cup of the lover's shame. While Sophy continued speaking he had stood abashed before her, not daring to lift his eyes but once to her face, and then the indignant flash of her eyes, and the bitter mockery on her lip, were no temptation to renew the experiment. And when she ceased, he rose and almost rushed from the room, too utterly confounded to reply though boiling with rage and shame. He reached his room in a tempest of emotions indescribable. But his passion was too high to allow him to see the justness of his fate.

"Curse the girls!" was the first exclamation, 'she raved like a Pithonesse; but why did I not retort scorn for scorn? To refuse me when she is not worth a cent, and all because of Evelyn,' and he breathed a malediction on her as the cause of his discomfiture, and with bitter maledictions strode to and fro in his room.

Gradually, however, his passion calmed itself, and a desire for revenge possessed his mind. But how should he be revenged? Should he woo and win some other lady at once, or go back to Miss Valliere and secure her? After pondering long he decided on the latter course.

"Yes!" he said, "if I marry Evelyn, to whom it is known I have been attentive, this termagant will never dare tell of my proposal, for we had no witnesses, and no one will believe her, if it should be announced soon, say to-morrow or next day at farthest, that I am engaged to the heiress. She loves me no doubt—there this vixen was right—and will be glad to accept me. I will dispatch a note at once. A little dissimulation to conceal the cause of my neglect, a little penitence adroitly thrown in, and a little ardor will win a favorable answer or I know nothing of the trusting nature of Evelyn Valliere."

The proposal was written and sent, but the next day, at the whole week passed without an answer. Harry began to repent his precipitancy, and wish that he had never seen Evelyn or Sophy. But at length came the long looked for reply. He opened it with renewed hopes, which however, were crushed on its perusal. The answer was short and cold, and contained a refusal couched in terms which forbade a second attempt. "Miss Valliere," the note ended with saying, "declines all further acquaintance with Mr. Colbert."

Stung to the quick, the rejected lover vented his rage on both the women he had abused, and determined to avenge himself by a speedy marriage.—But he soon found that his conduct was known in society, though not from reports originating probably by their relatives, and gained strength from what had been observed of Harry's conduct. At length the tide of scorn and rebuke became so strong that he left the city and moved to another part of the country.

Harry never knew the struggle in Evelyn's heart, nor the noble firmness with which she conquered it. His letter reached her on a sick bed, where she had been laid by his perfidy, but though her weak heart pleaded for him, her convictions of what were right, prevailed, and she rejected him, because she felt that she could never find happiness with one so base, fickle and selfish. Both she and Sophy Greene lived to love truly and worthily, and the friendship begun by their mutual disappointment was cemented by intimacy, and endured through long and happy lives.

As for Harry, he carried with him his own punishment. Providence rarely interferes in the affairs of ordinary life, except by enslaving us with

The President at Baltimore.

President Taylor attended the State Agricultural Fair at Baltimore, and was in fine health and spirits. The old hero mingled with the people in his own republican, familiar way, and was greeted by thousands most cordially. He stopped at Burnum's, where there was a perfect jam to pay their respects. An account says:

Men of every rank and station, and grade of life, crowded in to get a sight of the hero President and shake him by the hand. Military men, professionals, farmers and mechanics—some of them in their shirt sleeves—all were received with the same hearty welcome, a "good morning," and a kind word. The boys, too, the rising generation of Baltimore, were well represented, and came in for no small share of provoking General Taylor's readiness in reply. Nothing seemed to daunt him. The most unexpected ally received something apt and appropriate. "How are you, old Bonny Vixen?" said a wag of an urchin, holding out his hand. "How are you, my boy?" said General Taylor, "you'll be a General yourself some of these days if you don't look out." "You stand it well," said an old soldier, alluding to his shaking hands so often. "I ought to," said the General, "supported in flank and rear." I might extend the mention of these his acquaintances; the crowd was in roars of laughter at these sallies, and none seemed to enjoy the scene more than the President himself."

The plowing match is thus noticed:

"An immense hollow square was formed, within which the plowmen, Gen. Taylor, the committee, &c., no others being admitted. It was surrounded on all sides by at least ten thousand people. The President was furnished with a white horse, which he rode round the lines to the great delight of the enthusiastic multitude."

Some of the incidents of the fair are given:

"There was embroidery and worsted work, flowers, natural and artificial, table spreads and piano covers, chair bottoms and slippers; and there was a beautiful bed quilt, formed of small squares of satin ribbon, and of almost every possible shade and color, pieced together in the most perfect and beautiful manner. "Ah!" said General Taylor, "the man who gets the hand that wrought that counterpane will get a prize worth coveting." A stand was made for the President in this building, and the crowd had an opportunity of shaking hands and the ladies to kiss the dear old General, as they affectionately called him. Some of the ladies pulled aside their veils for fear of any drawbacks. A Marylander, with a fine military figure, stepped up, and while shaking hands with General Taylor, preferred his claim for a commission. "What commission would you like?" asked the General. "I would like to be commissioned to relieve you of this part of your duty, and receive the kisses of the ladies for you," said the modest individual. "Exactly," replied the President, lowering his voice to a whisper, "but that duty belongs alone to the General-in-Chief."

We add a scene at the dinner, at which General Taylor was a guest: also from the National Intelligencer's account:

"But the event of the evening was General Taylor's reply to a short and feeling expression of gratitude from Lieut. Walbach, who was one of his staff during the Florida campaign. When Lieut. Walbach, in a voice almost choked with emotion, alluded to the kindness of Gen. Taylor, when he was borne from the field, tears only such as soldiers can shed, started from more than one eye. The President himself was much affected; but after a momentary pause, he replied, without rising, in a chaste, appropriate, terse and feeling speech, that brought every man to his feet. The words came without hesitation, easily and smoothly; Webster could scarcely have surpassed it, except, perhaps, that some slight oratorical flight might have added grace and finish to the delivery. The occasion, however, seemed to require that. It is, of course, impossible to convey any adequate idea of the impression produced by General Taylor's language, and equally difficult would it be to give his words, as the affair was altogether impromptu. You shall have the benefit, however, of a tolerable memory:

"It has been my pride," said he, "during the forty years that I have been in the service of the country, to foster merit, wherever I found it among the young officers of the army, and those upon whom, after all, the result of a battle mainly depends. I have ever found it one of the greatest pleasures, among the few incidents in military life, to watch over them with that care which a father exercises towards a rising family, in whom his affections are centered. And when disease, with stealthy step, crept into our ranks, it has been alike my duty and my pleasure to suffer the sufferer that he was cared for by his brethren-in-arms, and conveyed to where sympathetic sympathies awaited him, not the camp affords. Though the battle-field is not the place to cultivate the affections, it would be a great mistake to suppose that soldiers are strangers to those kindly feelings, the existence of which makes up so large a portion of the sum of human happiness. The cultivation of those feelings, and their habitual exercise, is not only the duty of a general officer, and a pleasurable one, but a duty that he will not fail to attend to, even if he be a selfish or ambitious man, as upon the affections of his men he must depend in the day of trial. If I have been successful in any military action of importance, it is to this I am indebted for such co-operation on the part of the army I had the honor to command, as enabled us to meet the foe with the determination never to surrender. It is to this, too, perhaps that I owe the fortunate circumstance, that, during a long military career, I have never appeared before any tribunal, and have never had any occasion to attend any court-martial. I have been fortunate enough, as an officer, to escape even the assaults of malice. Unpracticed in framing sentences for a lengthy extemporaneous speech to a crowd, Gen. Taylor's diffidence disables him from appearing to advantage. But surrounded by a few friends at table, and upon an occasion when his feelings are aroused, he holds such language as few men can command. The distillation of his own character and elegant dispatches are then shadowed forth so truthfully, that none could read the one and hear the other, without recognizing the author. It was of no use to talk of toasts and speeches after this. The company adjourned simultaneously to talk over their surprise and admiration somewhere else."

"Wall," said a soft-hearted blubbering Jonathan the other day, Suke has gin me the sack, by gaw! I've lost her. 'Lost her: how?' inquired his sympathizing friend. 'I laid the soft soap on to her so thick, that the critter got so proud she wouldn't speak to me."

"What salary do you expect?" inquired a down town merchant, on Saturday last, of a youth who was applying for a situation. "Enough to keep me from wishing to steal," was the frank rejoinder, and it pleased the merchant so well that a bargain was soon struck. [N. Y. Globe.

The city of Boston expended during the last year, \$202,171 38 for Free Schools.